



THE WAYFARER

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE ADAM LINDSAY GORDON COMMEMORATIVE COMMITTEE INC.

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

GORDON WINS THREE RACES IN ONE AFTERNOON 2

GORDON WINS THREE RACES IN ONE AFTERNOON 3

POEM: BANKER'S DREAM 4

AGM AND GORDON'S FRIENDS IN EARLY LIFE 4

The Argus Melbourne, Vic. Monday 12 October 1868 Page 6 Abridged from NLA Trove Newspapers

We are told that,, from a descriptive point of view, the Hunt Club meeting on Saturday the 10th of October was not a success. From whatever cause-the absence of His Excellency the Governor or the heat of the weather-the course was not crowded. The sun was oppressively hot at midday, and the possibility of dust and scorching perhaps, accounted for the small attendance.

The Grand Stand on Saturday was a mass of colour and brilliancy, and that, although there were perhaps fewer individual roses in the "rosebud garden of girls," the brilliancy of those who did condescend to bloom almost atoned for the absence of those who did not.

The bookmakers were as busy as usual but less noisy. The saddling paddock was remarkably empty, and looked not unlike a cricket-ground without the cricket.

To the left of the Grand Stand were the carriages, looking, when viewed from the hill, like so many flies upon a billiard-table.

Above the carriages was the hill ; over against the hill was the flat.

The flat on Saturday was the most interesting part of the race ground.

(The reporter then takes us on a supposed trip around the assembled crowd.)

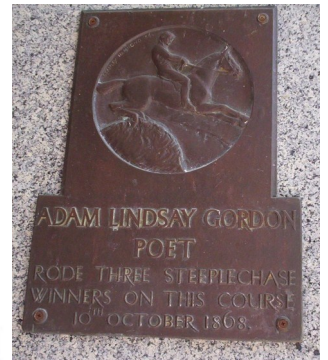
He wandered around the refreshment rooms and laid a bet with the bookmakers and went over to the saddling paddock and even, as a last resort, watched a race. Held his hat on the hill against the wind and played "doodle-em - buck" and "red-blue feather and star" and drew the worst horses in several sweeps. Had his toes trodden on and pockets picked. Was spiked by the strange carriage-poles in the carriage reserve and endured cabbies touting for fares.

He said that the people not in the stands have a burning desire for gingerbeer in all its forms ; they do not disdain beef (cut with a knife like the sabre of Don Fernando Gomersalez), and are not averse to pork-pie and greasy slices of animal food wrapped in yesterday's newspaper.

The people are for the most part flannelly-that is to say, they affect Crimean shirts in preference to linen ones, and like to wear these garments much rolled up about the sleeves.

He observed an uproarious party on the road home.

But there were races. In point of fact, everybody seemed tolerably satisfied, and **Mr. Gordon**, we should think, most of all. To win three races-one of them the "big thing" of the day-does not happen to a man very frequently in his lifetime. But, talking of **Mr. Gordon**, brings us to more serious matters.



Plaque by Stanley Hammond Situated Under the stands at Flemington Racecourse A duplicate plaque is at the Ballarat Racecourse Museum

The races, though not particularly satisfactory to the bookmakers, who, in fact, found that their occupation on this occasion was, if not gone, at least very nearly so, were eminently gratifying from a steeplechase point of view. People who delight in the attractions of a "Cup " or "Champion " day might have been heard expressing their dissatisfaction that the different events were not run with greater speed, and that the finish was too often left to just a couple of horses ; but to the lovers of the hunt, the very admirable "fencing" exhibited during the day must have been a source of genuine pleasure. The fences in the steeple-chasing events were both high and stiff, but they were beautifully taken by most of the horses, the whole field sometimes sweeping round the course as if these formidable obstacles were the merest trifles in the world.

(Continued next page)

ISSN 1834-4070
ISSN 1834-4089

THE ADAM LINDSAY GORDON COMMEMORATIVE COMMITTEE INC. (A0049425F)

PATRONS: PROFESSOR WESTON AND JANICE BATE

PO Box 158
FLINDERS LANE VIC 8009
AUSTRALIA

Phone: (+61 3) 5261 2899

info@adamlindsaygordon.org
www.adamlindsaygordon.org

GORDON WINS THREE STEEPLECHASES IN ONE AFTERNOON (CONT.)

Heritage Listed

During the last one hundred and sixty years since the flats beside the Saltwater River were first used for racing, Flemington has been transformed into a richly grassed acreage supporting one of the finest racing surfaces in the world.

The circumference of the main Flemington track at 2,312 metres together with the 1,200 metre 'Straight Six' make it one of the great racecourses of Australia.

Flemington Racecourse has a special association with the people of Australia as the venue of some of the country's greatest horse races, and in particular the Melbourne Cup which each year captures the imagination of the country on the first Tuesday in November and brings it to a standstill.

The Cup has been a stimulus for the arts, including literature, painting-drama and ballet. As a spectator sport, racing has one of the highest-participation rates in Australia, and the Melbourne Cup and the cult of the turf have become part of the national psyche. Flemington Racecourse has also become an important venue for Australian fashion. The Melbourne Cup spring racing carnival is a major part of the fashion industry's year.



Flemington Racecourse,
Melbourne October 2006

Flemington Racecourse has importance in the cultural history of Australia as the place of the continuous running of the Melbourne Cup from its inception in 1861 to the present day.

'Oaks Day' of the spring carnival was developed as a 'ladies day' in 1885, and within two years had become the fashion event of the Melbourne year.

Flemington was included in the National Heritage List on 7 November 2006.

(Continued from Page 1)

Gordon's Three Race Wins. Flemington Saturday Oct 10 1868 Races 2, 3 and 5. (First event started at 1.00pm sharp)

Race 2. Melbourne Hunt Club Cup (Handicap) of 100 Sovereigns Betting : 3 to 1 against Gordon on Major Baker's Babblar. Weight carried by Babblar 13 Stone 4 lbs.

Though wanting the excitement of a close struggle at the finish, this was an excellent race. The fences were numerous and their height and substantiality-they were stiff, four-railed fences-made them very formidable obstacles. They, however, were taken beautifully by all the horses, and with the exception of a rather awkward fall experienced by the rider of Cigar, no accident of a serious character occurred..

The horses got away on pretty equal terms, Stockings leading for a short distance. Master Kerr, however, was unable to control the mare, which bolted off the course before many hundred yards had been run. It was then seen that Babblar was leading the field, with Acrobat and Vathek in attendance. The latter baulked at the log fence, and although the jump was successfully taken on a second trial, too much distance had been lost to be made up again. At the fence, just before the straight run, Acrobat came to grief, but his rider (Mr, Pender) was on his feet in an instant, and leaping into the saddle without any assistance, was in his place again so quickly, that he was still second at the next fence, which was taken successfully, the rider being warmly cheered for his plucky conduct. Cigar came third, and Maid of the Wannon fourth; but at the fence, immediately opposite the grand stand, the mare fell, and did not give any further trouble to the field. Babblar, who was keeping a good lead without any trouble, baulked very decidedly at the fence nearest the river, and was then passed by Acrobat and Cigar. Having got over the obstacle with some little difficulty, the favourite quickly recovered the distance he had lost, and at the abattoirs had again secured the front place, Cigar and Acrobat having now changed places, the former being second and the latter third, Vathek bringing up the rear. The same order was maintained until almost the last, Babblar going easily, and the other two racing for second place. Cigar was over the last fence next after the favourite, but at the final jump, which was a simple hurdle-quite a trifling affair after the steeplechase fences-he fell heavily, rolling over his rider (Mr. Bullen), who was rather severely hurt about the lower limbs. He was able, in a short time, however, to walk, with assistance, into the enclosure, where he received proper attention. This accident gave the second place to Acrobat ; Babblar winning the race, however, without any trouble, Vathek was third. Time, 7 minutes 46 seconds.

(Continued next page)

GORDON WINS THREE STEEPLECHASES IN ONE AFTERNOON (CONT.)

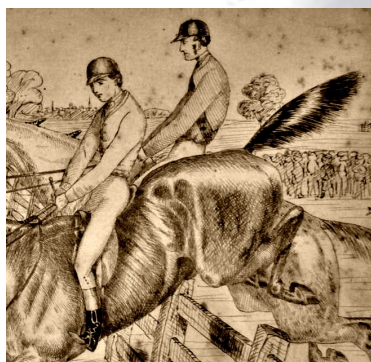


Adam Lindsay Gordon was tall and weighed less than 10 stone. He, himself, said at the time that he was not fit to ride a donkey. He always had poor eyesight and could not see past his horses' ears. Like other jockeys of the time he rode with a long stirrup.

He had to carry weights in steeplechases.

When taking a jump he would lean so far back that he would leave a mark from the horse's crupper on the back of his sweaty shirt.

His health had suffered from previous falls and from the recent loss of his daughter, Annie, (aged 11 months). All of his business ventures had failed. He rode at race meetings now to get money to support himself and his wife. At this meeting he also wanted to beat a horse belonging to George Watson who was in charge of the Melbourne Hunt Club. (*Mr. G. Watson's g g Acrobat, aged, 10 st 7 lbs (Mr. Pender) came 2nd to Gordon in Race 2.*)



(Continued from page 2)

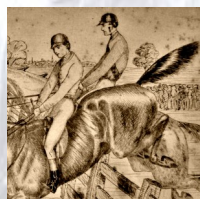
Race 3 Metropolitan (Handicap) Steeplechase, of 100 sovereigns

Mr. A. Gordon's b g Viking, 6 years, 10 st 10 lbs (Mr. Gordon)

Betting : 6 to 2 against Viking, 3 to 1 against Laverton Lad and Rover.

After one false start, Rover went off with the lead, followed in order by Laverton Lad, Bacchus, Viking, and Gamecock. After passing the abattoirs, Bacchus advanced to the front, the position of the others remaining unchanged. At the fence, immediately before the straight run, however, Bacchus fell, but his jockey remounted, and succeeded in passing Gamecock, though he could not overtake the others. Rover was first past the stand, Laverton Lad second, and Viking third, but before getting round to the abattoirs, Viking, led the field, and during the remainder of the race had it much his own way. Bacchus, who had lost a great deal of ground through his early mishap, was still running gamely, and might perhaps have made a show at the finish, but at the abattoirs' fence he again fell, and was seen no more in the race. Viking, who was hard held, won as he liked; but there was a good race between Laverton Lad and Rover for second place, which was secured by the former; Gamecock coming in fourth.

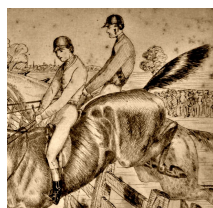
Time, 7 min. 23sec.



Race 5 The Selling Steeplechase of 30 sovereigns. Started at 4.30pm If entered to be sold for £100, weight for age; £80, allowed 7lb. ; £60, allowed 14lb. ; £40, allowed 21lb.; £30, allowed 28lb, Any horse entered not to be sold, to carry 7lb. extra. Distance, about three miles.

Mr- A. Gordon's b g Cadger, aged (£30). 10 st 1 lb (owner) Betting : 3 to 1 on the field, Charley being tho favourite. This was not a very exciting race. Firetail, who was fancied by some, baulked at the very first fence, and though, he afterwards took it, and two or three more, he baulked again so hopelessly as to lose all chance of recovering his ground. The race was therefore left to Cadger and Canary, who, during the great part of the distance, were on pretty equal terms. Cadger was leading most of the time, but the last fence was taken by both horses almost simultaneously, and a race for the winning post ensued, Cadger coming in first by about two lengths. Time (slow), 8 minutes 8 seconds.

This terminated the day's sport. Immediately after the last race, the winning horse was sold by public auction, Mr. Harris becoming the purchaser for £40.



BANKER'S DREAM

OF chases and courses dogs dream, so do horses—
 Last night I was dozing and dreaming,
 The crowd and the bustle were there, and the rustle
 Of the silk in the autumn sky gleaming.

The stand throng'd with faces, the broadcloth and laces,
 The booths, and the tents, and the cars,
 The bookmakers' jargon, for odds making bargain,
 The nasty stale smell of cigars.

We formed into line, 'neath the merry sunshine,
 Near the logs at the end of the railing ;
 'Are you ready, boys ? Go !' cried the starter, and low
 Sank the flag, and away we went sailing.

In the van of the battle we heard the stones rattle,
 Some slogging was done, but no slaughter,
 A shout from the stand, and the whole of our band
 Skimm'd merrily over the water.

Two fences we clear'd, and the roadway we near'd,
 When three of our troop came to trouble ;
 Like a bird on the wing, or a stone from a sling,
 Flew Cadger, first over the double.

And Western was there, head and tail in the air,
 And Pondon was there, too—what noodle
 Could so name a horse? I should feel some remorse
 If I gave such a name to a poodle.

In and out of the lane, to the racecourse again,
 Craig's pony was first, I was third,
 And Ingleside lit in my tracks, with the bit
 In his teeth, and came up 'like a bird.'

Springs the whip with a crack! nine stone ten on his back,
 Fit and light he can race like the devil ;
 I draw past him—'tis vain ; he draws past me again,
 Springs the whip! and again we are level.

Steel and cord do their worst, now my head struggles first!
 That tug my last spurt has expended—
 Nose to nose! lip to lip! from the sound of the whip
 He strains to the utmost extended.

How they swim through the air, as we roll to the chair,
 Stand, faces, and railings flit past ;
 Now I spring. . .

from my lair, with a snort and a stare,
 Rous'd by Fred with my supper at last.

(Section of part V of Hippodromania)
 Published in 'Sea Spray and Smoke Drift' (1867).

The complete poem may be viewed at:

[http://www.adamlindsaygordon.org/
 works_bankersdream.htm](http://www.adamlindsaygordon.org/works_bankersdream.htm)



ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Our Annual General Meeting was held at The Albion
 Hotel in Casterton on Saturday September 17 2011

Elected: President: Allan Childs

Vic President: Viv Sellers

Secretary: John Adams

Treasurer: Travis M Sellers

Ordinary Committee Members
 Lorraine Day and Elrae Adams

New Members Welcomed

Jim Brown

Richard Tate

Edward Forbes

Dr. John England

**GORDON'S FRIENDS
 IN EARLY LIFE**

We have read time and again, by those who had been acquainted with Adam Lindsay Gordon, that he was a quiet person who felt uncomfortable in society, and much preferred to keep to himself.

How, then does he now have so many people who have come forward to say that they were his friends?

Friendship could only have come through the mutual attraction of his love of the horse. Mounted police trooper, horse breaker, drover and jockey, At that time his friends said that they had no idea that he was writing poetry.

He associated himself with the very crowd who offended his parents when he was growing up in England.

We have discovered this sketch by Gordon depicting the life of freedom and adventure which he enjoyed in the early days of his short life in Australia. The sketch has for its frame, a stockwhip.